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ELIZABETH TAYLOR, 13-Year-Old Movie Star




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LUCK ON THE LIMBO

It was hard going for a girl, this race into the Canadian wilds. But Leigh knew luck was sometimes a matter of pluck

By MAXINE SHORE and M. M'OBLINGER

Authors of "The Slave Who Dreamed"

AT last they were going to make camp! Leigh Gilbert sighed with relief as her father nosed the canoe ashore. They'd paddled and portaged that day since early subarctic dawn.

"Tired, Leigh?"

"Not too tired to eat," she said valiantly.

She daredn't complain. Hadn't she pestered her father for years to take her along on his prospecting trips into the Canadian wilds? Well, here they were, on their way up the turbulent Limbo to stake claim on the valuable molybdenum deposits her father had found. So far, she'd kept up.

But Leigh stumbled getting out of the canoe. Her legs felt like cardboard. Almost there, thank goodness! Just one more hard portage, and six more miles. After her father had put in his precious stakes, maybe he'd be willing to take it easier on the way back. Leigh certainly hoped so. She couldn't stand this pace much longer. How right her father's warnings had been!

After their meal of crisp bacon, steaming bannock, and coffee, Leigh's spirits revived. There was something about this wilderness country, after all. The river breeze was sweet with Saskatoon, tangy with pine. Loons called through the sifting blue twilight.

"I'm glad I came, after all," she said. Soon they'd crawl into sleeping bags and go to sleep under the bright-bung stars. "I wouldn't have wanted to miss this."

"Feel rested?"

"Oh, yes."

"Good. We'll go on until midnight, then." Firelight flickered

on Mr. Gilbert's face as he stowed things swiftly into the dunnage bag.

"But, Dad!" Leigh sat up aghast. "Rock Portage is right ahead. That high hill. You said it was the worst on the whole trip."

"Yes, but we'll make it," he said, and came to put an encouraging arm about her.

"You've been wonderful, Leigh. Good as a boy. Won't let me down now, will you?"

Leigh swallowed. "N-no, Dad."

"Frankly, I'm worried." His gray eyes grew grim as they

swept the river. "I've told you how much in demand molybdenum is for the manufacture of steel alloy, and thus claim's good. But under Canadian mining regulations, I have to stake it out, then file my location at the government office. Until I do, it's not legally mine. Trouble is—" he frowned—"the news leaked out somehow about my strike."

"You mean, someone might try to beat us to it?"

He nodded. "It's happened before. That's why I've been



The heavy pack was dropping her, at balance, over the edge. "Hang on, Leigh!" shouted her father. "I'm coming!"

in such a rush, Leigh. It's hard, but we can't afford to lose that claim. You understand?"

"Of course, Dad." Leigh shook her tangled curls.

He gave her a quick hug. "I know I can depend on you. The Gilberts are made of good stuff."

But when Leigh stood up, she felt as if the good stuff of the Gilberts were oozing out of her like sawdust from a doll. Weariness washed over her. Go on—how could she? That long high climb up a narrow trail in this eerie near-dark seemed impossible.

"Ready?" asked her father.

He was depending on her.

"Ready," said Leigh.

He helped her adjust the pack. It was horribly heavy. The tumpline about her forehead started her head throbbing again.

"We can do it," her father said. He hoisted the canoe to his shoulders and started off.

Leigh wasn't so confident. She moved after him, bent beneath her load. Ahead, with the canoe distorting his shape, her father looked like a strange prehistoric creature moving through the maize dusk. Did she only imagine it, or weren't his steps as sure as they had been? He was tired, too, Leigh thought. Maybe as tired as she was. He was stronger, but he'd done the heavier work. She felt ashamed.

Scratching, panting, reaching desperately for handholds, groping for sure footing, they began the long struggle up the steep ascent of Rock Portage. Portages were an old story to Leigh now, after nearly a week of it, day after day, but none of them had been nearly as bad as this. Loose rock slid under her heavy boots. Roots lay in wait to trip her. The trailside brush clutched and tore at skin and clothing. A branch ripped her head net, mosquitoes came stabbing. Without gloves, Leigh knew, her hands

would have been bleeding.

She kept her eyes riveted on her father who went ahead, finding the way along cliff ledges, testing handholds for her safety, calling back instructions.

"Almost at the top, Leigh," her father encouraged.

Almost at the top. Nearly there. Leigh tried to hurry, slipped. The heavy pack was dragging her, off balance, over the trail's edge. She reached for a projecting branch. It pulled free.

"Easy, Leigh—easy! Hang on. I'm coming."

Leigh thrust out her hand frantically. Her fingers closed on a thick root. It held.

"I'm all right now, Dad," she called breathlessly.

"Thank heaven for that!" His voice was taut with strain.

"Oh, g-gosh!" she panted as she reached the top. "We—we're up! Thank goodness!"

A few minutes to gulp a mouthful of air and steady themselves, then they started down. Suddenly her father slipped, caught his balance, tot-

Leigh stood there, hands clenched, like couldn't speak, could only watch them

tered. In terror Leigh watched the swaying figure ahead. That awful canoe on his head, blinding him. He'd got too far to the trail's edge. One foot was stepping—actually stepping right off into space! Leigh screamed, dropped her pack. There was a crash, the rolling clatter of rubble and stones, and then, far down, a groan.

Somehow she got down to him by clinging and holding on, swinging legs for secure footing. He lay sprawled near the bottom. The canoe had bounced partly over him. Leigh raised it with a sudden strength that amazed her. She felt his pulse, looked for bruises, and made him as comfortable as she could.

Presently he opened his eyes. "My ankle," he said.

"Dad," she said, "I can help you down and make camp."

Getting him down the trail was another ghastly ordeal. He mustn't fall. He leaned on her heavily. It took three hours to reach the river, two more for Leigh to fetch the canoe, drag along their packs, and prepare breakfast.

Leigh could hardly endure the look of defeat in her father's eyes. But he tried to make light of it.

"I'll be okay in a day or two," he said. "Then, with luck . . ."

"Please don't worry," she said.

"We've got to get there before the others and stake that claim."

"We will, somehow."

"The canoe?" he asked anxiously.

Leigh examined it. The light canvas Peterborough had bounced without biting many sharp rocks, and had just two small holes, easily mended.

The morning dragged hideously. Leigh did what she could—scoured the breakfast dishes with sand and washed them in the river, made her father comfortable, patched the canoe. But despite her anxious care, her father was feverish, miserable when at noon he

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Louise is pretty proud of her picture with Frank Sinatra—one of her lot of favorite people.

A DATE WITH Louise



Come just as you are, because Louise Erickson, radio's "Judy Foster," is here to meet you just as she really is

By HELEN LEAF

COMES the day of television when you see as well as hear your favorite radio characters, you're due for some big surprises. Many of your favorites won't look at all the way you thought they did. But on the other hand—there's Louise Erickson, the teen-age heroine of NBC's "A Date with Judy." Does she look like Judy Foster, that very real young person whose triumphs and trials you've been following every week on the air? Well, that depends on your mental picture of Judy. If you think of her as pretty, blond, and blue-eyed, full of fun, ideas, and enthusiasm, and sometimes deep in despair over dates and younger brothers and other teen trials, then Louise is Judy Foster.

Louise lives in Hollywood, where she's been playing in radio dramas since she was seven years old. She's never had any real dramatic training, but she almost always wins audition tryouts when directors need a teen-age girl for radio shows. In 1941 she started on the program "A Date with Judy" as Mimi, Judy's best friend. Then in June, 1942,

when the program was recast, she moved into the part of Judy. She's had other successes, too, playing in "Cavalcade of America," "Lux Radio Theater," "Dramas of Youth," "Meet Corliss Archer," and "The Great Glidersleeve." And she's made a beginning in pictures, appearing in the films "Rosie the Riveter" and "Meet Miss Bobby Socks."

Louise has recently passed her seventeenth birthday. Last year she was graduated from Immaculate Heart High School. She's studying Fine Arts now at Occidental College, Los Angeles, and may continue this fall.

That sounds pretty grown-up, doesn't it? But actually, Louise has very much the same growing-up problems that you do. For instance, she has an allowance, and most of the time she manages to make it stretch. Clothes are another problem that it's fun to solve, for Louise likes to sketch her own styles and have her dressmaker make them to order—after Mother's consent. She likes sweaters, skirts, blouses, and dresses that have a possibly touch.

Maybe you feel that schedules, especially daily ones, are

a bore, but Louise has one, too. It works something like this.

Monday's "catch-up" day. She has her personal laundry to do, her room to straighten up, and lots of little things to do that didn't get done the preceding week.

Tuesday she has "A Date with Judy." Almost all her day is spent at the studio rehearsing for the broadcast. Louise says that she "adores playing Judy," but doesn't want to be "as scatterbrained as Judy is." Louise is a conscientious rehearser, and works very hard to make her Judy a typical teen-ager. She wants to please her audience, and likes to have listeners write and tell her just what they want in her acting.

Wednesday is a free day, but Louise uses every minute of it to advantage. She visits her friends, goes to the movies, rides horseback, ice skates, or plays tennis. She isn't hard to please when it comes to sports, but is slightly partial to tennis.

Thursday is rehearsal day for another radio show, and so is Friday. Maybe you've heard Louise as Marjorie on "The Great Glidersleeve"? Well, Fri-

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SO YOU'RE GOING TO

CAMP

To get off to a good start and stay comfortable and trim, take tips from these pages of pictures

ON THESE two pages you'll see Camp Fire Girls and Girl Scouts taking part in many different activities. Look closely—any one of these girls might be you! For whether you are going to a full-time camp or spending part of your time at a day camp or planning your own excursions from home with a group of friends, you can have fun camping this summer. And if you put a little constructive thought into planning, you'll find that your fun is increased—there's nothing like knowing that your equipment and skills fit the part you're playing!

The girls on the left are in fencing position—and you may be, too, if you go to one of the camps where fencing is taught! Ideal camps supply the foil and other special equipment—and fencing itself supplies balance, poise, and grace to those who practice the sport.

Outdoor cooking is fun whether it's done over an elaborate fireplace like this or, more simply, by roasting food at the end of a stick. The principles are always the same: Let the fire burn down to a bed of hot coals before you start to cook, and afterward be sure the rubbish is burned, the fire completely out.

Many camps offer riding as one of the regular activities. Some require that you bring regular riding clothes. But you don't have to make elaborate preparations (or even go to camp) in order to get on a horse! Comfortable clothes and the presence of someone who knows how to ride are all you really need.





This young lady has the right idea about firewood—you'll want plenty of it for that evening campfire. Learn to gather your wood carefully, selecting small, dry sticks for kindling (dry wood makes a snapping noise when you break it), and larger, green wood for good coals. A hatchet is a great help in this job.



Almost every city has a park where you can picnic, even if there isn't a day camp you attend. Take plenty of food, for appetites often grow! It's fun, too, to have each person bring a different item. These girls, as you see, have wisely brought plenty of crunchy green things and lots of different sandwich makings.

Canoing and summertime go together in our minds, don't they? And safety precautions are part of the happy picture. 'Wear clothes you can swim in if you must, stay away from deep water unless you can swim, and—above all—don't rock the boat!'



Whether you do your own laundry at camp or have your clothes sent out, you'll need good, sturdy things that can take rough treatment. (And if you're going camp, you'll want some warm things.) The bright shirts and blue denims that these girls are wearing are sensible equipment for any summer outings from home, or to take to any camp where uniforms are not required.

The best hour of any summer day is the hour that you spend with your friends around the glowing campfire. Work is done, and you relax, and perhaps sing, and take a little, and talk a lot, on the stars come out and the night grows velvet-black. The small fire of your last night of camp has a magic that will glow in your heart long after its last red ember has died away.



RECORD RATERS



All set for shows the King Cole Trio are, left to right, Janet Joffe, 16, Peggie Woolton, 12, Jane Hansen, 13.



Good and beautiful Johnny Johnson with fashion editor Henry Pappert at Brown Thomson's Flatter Party.



Angie Connelley, 17, and Josie Ubbard, 18, select the two records they'd like to have on hand for a party.



Lila Maine, 14, with her female friends. Chooses rate high in Hartford, thanks to school music course.

"Sweet" numbers rate tops with Hartford, Conn., CALLING ALL GIRLS Club

SOME like 'em hot, some like 'em cold—but in Hartford, Connecticut, they like 'em sweet, swoony, and sentimental. We know, because members of the CALLED ALL GIRLS Club answered our Record Raters questionnaire at a Flatter Party held recently by Brown Thomson, Official Headquarters Store for CALLING ALL GIRLS in Hartford. And it's not only the new Sinatra, Crosby, and Raymes crooning that they're in a "Come" about—they go for oldies like the Mills Brothers, "Till Then," and Glenn Miller smoothies. For parties they rate sweet arrangements first,

swing second, boogie third, and—surprise—waltzes come fourth. Hartford Talk Talk. They're fanned in (They're going steady): Eliminate the negative (Get rid of the drip): Trolley riding (Going steady), I walk alone (I don't have a date), I'm beginning to see the light (I'm beginning to understand), There goes that song again (When somebody tells a story you have heard before).

Wax Works. They play Artie Shaw's "Scardust" for the last dance at a party. They go to Fox record trading. Steadies gift each

other with recordings of their special swoon songs. They listen to comic recordings—especially Spike Jones' "Cocktails for Two." They hold long hair sessions with Tschakovsky's "Nutschacker Suite."

Top Tunes. In Hartford they're drooling for "Caledonia," by Woody Herman; "Just a Prayer Away," by Bing Crosby; "My Dreams Are Getting Better All the Time," by Les Brown; "He's Home for a Little While," by Les Brown; "I Wanna Get Married," by Gertrude Nanton; "Rum & Coca-Cola," by the Andrews Sisters; "Tico Tico," by Ethel Smith.

Would YOU like to be a Record Rater? Get in touch with the CALLING ALL GIRLS Official Headquarters Store nearest you.

GAP IN THE WALL



Nina's dark head and Sally's light one bent side by side over the pages. "Which is your favorite?" Nina whispered after a while.

Sally almost believed in the wall that shut out her friend Nina, until she learned to walk through it

By ADAM ALLEN

Author of "New Science Experiment"

COME on in," Sally Clinton begged, when they reached her house. She hadn't brought girls home from school at all since her mother had been in the hospital, because she hated to make extra work for Aunt Ruth. But she didn't want to part from Nina just yet.

It was strange, Sally was thinking, she and Nina had never talked together at all before today, but already they were becoming real friends.

"Well—if I won't be in the way."

"Of course not. Come on." Sally took Nina's arm and turned her in along the walk. "I feel awfully sort of—at home with you," she added shyly.

"I feel at home with you, too.

Maybe it's because we like the same things."

They smiled at each other, as they had for the first time earlier that day when they had both reached for the same book on the library shelf.

"Oh, excuse me," Sally had murmured, withdrawing her hand.

"No—you go ahead," Nina had replied. "But may I see it when you've finished? I need it for something I'm trying to write—an English essay."

"That's what I want it for, too. Are you in one of Miss Benedict's classes?" Nina had nodded, and that's when they had smiled. That's when it had begun.

Miss Benedict had asked all her students to write term papers on their favorite poets,

and she offered a prize for the best one. The book Nina and Sally were reaching for was a collection of Robert Frost's poems.

"Let's look at it together then," Nina had suggested, and they had settled down at a table for the rest of the study period, Nina's dark head and Sally's light one bent side by side over the pages.

"Which is your favorite?" Nina had whispered after a while.

"I don't know. I mean—I haven't read them all yet." Sally had been a little embarrassed, because Nina seemed to know so much more than she did. She'd never thought she liked poetry very well, and had chosen Robert Frost mostly because she liked the sound of his name. "Which is yours?"

Nina turned pages. "This 'Mending Wall'."

Sally read the first few lines:

"Something there is that doesn't love a wall,
That tells the frozen-ground-swell under it,
And spills the upper boulder in the run;
And 'neath that open heaven even two can pass
abroad."

"Oh, I like that, too." She wondered why, a little, because it didn't even rhyme. "Maybe because I don't like walls either."

"Neither do I."

Nina's gentle eyes were almost fierce for a moment, but Sally wasn't noticing. She was thinking how pleased she always was, when she walked along the country road back of Grandma's farm, to see one of the old walls there crumbling with time and lack of repair. She'd never tried to analyze her pleasure; but now she understood it, and the lines of poetry had given her a sudden sense of excitement.

Why, she liked poetry, she thought with surprise. All at once she felt that she could win the prize if she tried hard enough. And if she could win it, she thought next, it might make up to Mother for what had happened the day she went to the hospital.

It still hurt to remember that.

Sally had been putting away her books, and Mrs. Clinton had asked her if she was sure she was spending enough time on her homework lately. She had asked it very nicely, but Sally had been feeling cross.

"Of course I am, Mother. I wish you wouldn't keep nagging at me about it," she had muttered.

Her mother had looked at her and after a minute she had said quietly, "All right, dear. But I asked for a special reason. I think you have a good mind, Sally, and I hate to see you not making the best possible use of it."

"Oh, Mother! How stuffy!" Sally had retorted, and gone flouncing out for Cokes with the gang.

That evening Mrs. Clinton had been taken to the hospital, and ever since then the little scene had haunted Sally unbearably. She kept remembering how rudely she had be-

haved, and hating herself for it. Mother must have been feeling simply terrible that day, but she had gone right on concerning herself with Sally the way she always did—and Sally had snapped at her like a spoiled brat.

On a sudden impulse, there in the library, she had told Nina about it, and why she wanted to write a good essay. If she could actually win the prize, she explained, her mother would know that she was really trying to use her mind.

"Girls! Less talking over there!" the librarian had said sharply, and Sally blushed.

But Nina had braved her wrath to whisper, "I'm sure you'll win. And I know your mother will understand, Sally. Good luck."

It was because Nina had understood, and because she—well, because she was Nina—that Sally had brought her home.

When they went in the house Aunt Ruth was in the living room writing a letter, her pretty ringed hand holding the pen gracefully. Sally in-

troduced Nina to her, and then the girls went out to the kitchen to have milk and cinnamon toast. When Aunt Ruth came out a little later to start dinner, Sally became aware that they'd been talking so eagerly they hadn't noticed the crumbs they'd scattered over the table.

"We'll clean up," she said quickly. Aunt Ruth was so neat that Sally and her father had been making an extra effort since she arrived not to clutter up the house.

"That's all right, dear," Aunt Ruth said. But Sally didn't think it was. In fact, nothing was quite right after that. Aunt Ruth talked very pleasantly to Nina, asking questions about her and her family, but somehow she made Sally wish more than ever that her mother were at home. When Mother asked people questions she sounded interested. Aunt Ruth just sounded polite.

Nina must have felt it, too, because pretty soon she said she had to go. Sally was about to suggest walking part way home with her, but Aunt Ruth mentioned just then that she

GRADUATION DAY

By PAT ARRINGTON
Thirteen Years Old

They've all congratulated and kissed me now;
They've wished me luck and asked what school I'll go to next;
They've asked me where and why and how,
And asked me which and when and who.

I've answered their questions and shaken their hands;
I've cried a little and thanked them all.
I've described the ceremony minutely to the folks at home
And hung my dress up in the hall.

I've looked at all my gifts and thought
How sad and yet happy I was.
I've remembered all those by whom I've been taught,
And recalled the lessons I both loved and hated.

I went out on the lawn after dark,
And as I looked at the sky clouded with storm-weather
I thought of the things that had happened today,
And I knew I'd remember them for ever and ever.

hoped Sally wouldn't mind helping her with the potatoes, so she let it go. After all, she had tomorrow and all the days after that in which to talk to Nina again. Reluctantly she said good-bye to her new friend at the door.

Sally was getting out the potatoes when Aunt Ruth spoke.

"Tell me, Sally—does your mother know that Nina is a friend of yours?"

"I just knew it today myself," Sally smiled. "Isn't she nice, Aunt Ruth? And she's so smart, too. She . . ."

"I'm sure she is," Aunt Ruth interrupted briskly. "But wasn't it rather pushing of her to come to your house on the first day she knew you, dear?"

"Why, no," Sally looked up in surprise. "I asked her."

"But she needn't have seized the opportunity to be recognized as your friend."

"But I want her for a friend, Aunt Ruth."

"Oh, come, Sally, you hardly know her. Quite possibly she is as intelligent and charming as you believe, but really, you mustn't see too much of her.

After all, you have a lot of lovely friends of your kind, and the right sort of friendships are very important. Your mother has done her best to give you a pleasant environment, and you mustn't spoil it by bringing people into your circle who wouldn't fit."

Sally thought she must be more than usually stupid, because she found it impossible to follow her aunt's reasoning. She understood that it had something to do with her mother, though, so she wanted to understand. More than anything in the world, right now, she wanted to do what Mother wanted her to.

"Why wouldn't Nina—fit?" she asked slowly.

"Sally, don't be difficult. Because she's Jewish, of course. Nina Cohen, you said her name was, didn't you?" Sally nodded. "I thought so. Then of course she's Jewish. Personally I know several very pleasant Jewish people, Sally, but you must understand that it's never a question of making friends with just one of them. Jews are all so aggressive that they

shove into any place where they can manage a foothold. And if you allowed Nina to come here, she'd soon bring other friends of hers—Jewish girls—and the whole atmosphere of your home would be changed. And now, dear, if you'll hurry with those potatoes . . ."

"Yes, Aunt Ruth."

In the back of Sally's head a voice was repeating the words, "Something there is that doesn't love a wall . . ." This was a wall, wasn't it? This—the barrier that Aunt Ruth had set up against Nina? And Sally didn't like walls. But she pushed the thought aside. After all, that was only poetry, and what Aunt Ruth was talking about was a fact. She'd said it was. And if Mother wouldn't like her to be friends with Nina, then . . .

The next day after school Nina was waiting for her. "Did you get any work done on your paper?" she asked.

"I—no. Not much." Sally felt awkward and tongue-tied. Yesterday talking to Nina had seemed the most natural thing



"Tell me, Sally," Aunt Ruth said slowly, "does your mother know that Nina is a friend of yours?"

in the world, but today she couldn't help but wonder if Nina hoped they'd be seen together, so that other girls would think of them as friends—so that Nina would be invited to other girls' homes.

"I can't stop to talk now," Sally rushed on, knowing she was red and furious at herself for it. "I have to go right up to the hospital to see Mother."

"Oh. Of course. I hope she's a lot better, Sally. And good luck with your essay." Nina turned and walked away.

Sally told herself that she ought to be congratulated. She had handled that perfectly, if only it hadn't been for that blush. But perhaps Nina hadn't noticed that. So she tried to feel pleased with herself and finally decided she did.

That was a Tuesday. That night Sally worked on her essay, and laboriously produced two pages. Somehow she didn't feel as excited about Robert Frost as she had before, and the work went slowly.

On Wednesday she decided that what she'd written was terrible, and she tore up both pages and wrote three new ones. And on Thursday she tore those up, and sat biting her pencil until she couldn't stand it any longer and went to bed.

On Friday she stayed after school, determined to talk to Miss Benedict. She knew by this time that she needed help. There weren't many days left. The papers were due by the end of the next week.

She walked slowly along the hall, dragging her feet. It seemed ridiculous, the more she thought of it, that she had ever believed she had a chance at the prize. She was sure now that she'd never be able to win it over—well, Nina, for example. Of course, she understood why Nina read so much and made herself seem so smart: it was just to show off, to get herself accepted. Really, when you looked at it like that, it seemed as if the prize simply should not be awarded to her. Nina and girls like her ought to be made to realize that they

couldn't get away with that sort of thing.

Sally shook her head angrily. She had promised herself not to think about Nina at all. It still made her vaguely unhappy, for some reason. It even gave her a sort of guilty feeling. And that was silly, of course. Ignoring Nina (and just that once after school had been enough; Nina hadn't spoken to her at all since that day) wasn't wrong. It was right. Aunt Ruth said so. She said Mother would want her to behave like that.

Sally was nearing the half-open door of the English room, and she had put her hand on the knob to push it wide when she heard Nina's voice inside and stopped.

"No, really. I'm not worried about anything," Nina was saying.

"But I know you're capable of doing better work than this," Miss Benedict sounded brisk and yet gentle. "There must be a reason why it's not up to your usual standard."

"Maybe I just don't under-

stand Robert Frost well enough."

"You understand him remarkably well for a girl of your age. What's the matter, Nina?" Sally could tell that Miss Benedict was laughing in that nice way she had. "Don't you want to win the prize?" And then her voice was very sober. "Nina, I know the handicaps Jewish students must overcome. Many colleges have unofficial quotas—just so many Jewish students that they'll admit, and those few are usually chosen by academic ratings. And when young Jewish graduates try to get jobs, they often find a gentile taken instead—unless they're at least half again as good. So you have to be very good, Nina, to earn the place that a gentile could take with half the effort."

Sally stood stock still. Was that true? Yes, she supposed it was. In fact, it was another way of saying the very thing Aunt Ruth had said: that Jews were aggressive and tried to push their way into other people's circles, and that other people tried to keep them out. But if other people's circles included colleges and jobs and a lot of other things, it sounded as if other people like Nina had to push if they wanted to get anywhere at all.

"I know all that, too," Nina was saying slowly. "And of course I'd like to win the prize. Maybe I haven't tried as hard as I could this time. There—there is a reason, I guess. You see, there's a girl in one of your classes who just ought to win. It's awfully important to her because her—well, for a special reason. So I hope she will, that's all. I'd rather she'd win."

When Sally breathed again she was out on the steps of the school, pressing cold hands against her hot cheeks. And then suddenly she was running toward the hospital—running so fast that her throat hurt. Or was that because she was crying? She didn't know. She didn't know anything except that she had to see her mother right away. She could talk to

(Continued on page 87)



She was running toward the hospital—running fast, so fast that her throat hurt.

You'll be on safe ground with your serviceman if you take no interest in the places he's been.



Don't be a GWAT

What you say and do when Johnny comes home—on leave or for keeps—mean a lot to Johnny. Here's why!

By LIEUTENANT H. WIEAND BOWMAN, U.S.N.R.

The author of this article has served for three years with motor torpedo boat squadrons. He holds the Asiatic-Pacific Area ribbon with two bronze combat stars, the American Theater ribbon, the African-European Theater ribbon, a Presidential Unit Citation, and a Bronze Star medal.

YOU, too, can be a GWAT. But you certainly won't want to be one.

GWAT is a word right out of the serviceman's vocabulary. Originally, GWATTROS, meaning girl who acts tactlessly toward returning overseas servicemen, the word has been abbreviated to GWAT, and to be one is the easiest way to be unpopular or just a first-class pest to the man in uniform.

In general, the returning servicemen all have the same touchy spots and pet peeves. One gripe is directed at the civilian who attempts to put the serviceman at ease by use of GI or Navy slang. Don't invite your Navy friend to chow, he'll probably refuse. He's eaten chow for a year or more and he'd like to forget the whole thing. Ask him to dinner or supper and he'll be over in a hurry. If your veteran father looks tired, don't suggest that he hit the sack. A sack won't represent comfort to him; his bed will. If Uncle drops by and you want to bring him up to date on the local news, don't tell him you've heard some late scuttle butt—not if you want

him to give you his attention.

Maybe your brother is in the Air Force. Just because he flew a P-38, P-47, or P-51, don't think that he necessarily spent his time shooting down German planes. "How many planes did you shoot down?" followed by that look of disappointment if the answer is "none"—these are stand-bys of the GWAT. If a pilot has been in Europe recently, his answer probably will be "none," unless he has flown cover for bombers. After such a question he won't bother to tell you that his work has been that of disrupting communications, transport lines, and troop movements, a dangerous and tough assignment not measured by the number of swastikas on the side of his plane's fuselage or the title "ace." When you talk to a flyer, remember that he may have been attached to transports, gliders, bombers, or fighters, and may be quick to resent an implication that one type of duty is better than another. Also, I suggest that you stay clear of comparisons such as "Mary's brother made thirty-five bombing missions and you only made twenty-six."

Don't exaggerate what you have been told or repeat it in a bragging fashion; it may embarrass the person who told you. Usually, a man home from combat will eventually tell some of his experiences. Don't try to pump him. Let him tell what he wants to and when he wants to. Remember, what he says to you in confidence is not yours to relate publicly. War has been unpleasant at best, so questions like "What was it like?" or "Was it awful?" are better skipped. Men and women in uniform would rather forget those grim elements, and this type of question won't help. And finally, if you must ask a few questions, ask them privately, never before a group of people. People who are willing to talk to one person alone, are often annoyed by public

(Continued on page 52)

Let's Talk Things Over

By ALICE BARR GRAYSON

Author of "Do You Know Your Daughter?"

Every time I sleep at a friend's house, I get homesick. We all live in the same town, so I have no reason to get homesick. How can you help me to overcome this?—Joann B., aged 12, Massachusetts.

IT is a good thing to know when to ask for advice and to "talk things over," but it is also good practice sometimes to question oneself. By doing so one frequently gets a clearer picture even if all the answers don't immediately pop into one's head. Joann might ask herself, for example, "Am I afraid that something might happen to me? Am I a little shy? Do I dislike being with other people I don't know well—or even those I know? Am I really and truly homesick or just a bit embarrassed and uncertain about making conversation or of 'doing the right thing'? Does my mother depend on me too much or I on her? Did something happen to me the first time I stayed away from home—something that I didn't like? Do I just think I'm homesick?" Asking questions of this kind is good practice in learning to understand and face problems.

It really means more to some people than to others to see the same faces and do the same things in the same old way year in and year out. Even the parents of little children realize that it is good for them to learn to be somewhat flexible. Men and women in the armed services have found out that they must be very adaptable indeed. If they have had previous experiences in learning to get along under changing conditions they often find it easier.

Joann probably wants to stay overnight with a good friend whose company she enjoys. It would help if the girls planned their time together. For ex-




ample, they could do homework together or read stories aloud. They could play games or listen to pleasant (not scary!) radio programs. Things like cocoa or milk and cookies, prepared by the girls themselves, should taste good as a bedtime snack. And perhaps a phone call home—just to say good night—might make for sweet dreams and a sense of closeness to home. If she gives herself time, Joann should gradually

grow readier for longer periods away from her family. Eventually she might want to go visiting over a week end or a holiday week, or go to summer camps for all or part of a summer vacation. There is no place like home, especially when one has a devoted, loving family; but home is sweeter than ever when one has an occasional change of scene.

I am very popular in school and sports of all kinds. I have an enormous number of friends, but every time they see me they greet me with the phrase, "Hi, Muscle." That's because I'm very husky, but not exactly fat. I'm a happy medium. What should I do about their calling me Muscle?—Lore R., aged 15, New Jersey.

(Continued on page 55)





Made for each other!

Keep on
Kleinert's
dress shields

Lovely clothes and Kleinert's dress shields!

*Bird on bough, moon in sky,
Shield in place—you know WHY!*

It's fashionable again to be very feminine,
very beautiful, very dainty! And of all the ways to cope
with that awkwardness of stateliness—proprietorship—
more to us men, an adorable always,
is Kleinert's Dress Shields.

movie memos

By ELIZABETH NICHOLS
Movie Editor

RE: Pin-Up Boys



Robert Walker has risen to composure from his Private Hepburnes rating. Judy Garland is the girl he falls in love with while on Steel Forehead in New York. "The Clock" tells of their meeting and parting while the previous minutes rush by. (MGM)

The life of George Gershwin makes a notable musical film. "Rhapsody in Blue" and introduces Robert Alda as Gershwin's Oscar Levant, long-time friend of the composer, plays himself. Paul Whittemore again conducts the famous Rhapsody. (Wmwn)



Van Johnson is a flying major corresponding at a mountain resort, where he meets Esther Williams when she arrives on her honeymoon. How come, then, the title "Girl in a Romance"? You'll see—but while you're looking don't miss Leslie Nielsen, whose jolly sense of comedy is as captivating as his famed tenor voice. You'll find the mountain scenery, in technicolor, worth gazing at, too. (MGM)

Gregory Peck is Oscar Carson's new leading man in "Valley of Decision." It's a new Green, too, part and life. Gregory is the eldest son of a family which prides itself on the steel with the father himself. He falls in love with Green, his mother's maid, and, although the family urges them to marry, tragedy separates them. The film lingers in the mind as a good substantial novel does. (MGM)



From Boston around Cape Hen to California, with Alan Ladd and Brian Donlevy, "Two Years Before the Mast" indicates the sailing time. Skip away! (Param.)





It's the Navy for Frank Sinatra and Gene Kelly in "Anchors Aweigh." On shore they find a small boy who has wandered from home to join the Navy. The boy's Aunt Susan is Katharine Grayson. If only there had been two beautiful continents, then, we wouldn't have had the two-boys-love-at-sea story. Just Harold is around again to play lead into to Susan's musical aspirations, and himself to the millions who love his orchestral music. [MGW]

Richard Arlen completes our list of heroes, though he doesn't know who he is in "Identity Unknown." Being the sole survivor of a German bombing in which his dog tag was blown off, Arlen is certain that one of the four tags found must be his. He returns to this country and visits the next of kin listed on the tags, hoping each time that he will be welcomed by his own family. He has many touching experiences, among them falling in love with Cheryl Walker. You'll like this timely story. [Rup]



ROY ROGERS
THE KING OF THE COWBOYS
TRIGGER THE SMARTEST HORSE IN THE MOVIES
in their newest musical hit since Roy was selected among America's top five male movie stars of the year!

UTAH

Featuring
GEORGE "GABBY" HAYES
and **DALE EVANS**
TREBBY STEWART and BEVERLY LOYD
GRANT WITHERS
and **BOB NOLAN**
and **THE SONS OF PIONEERS**
A REPUBLIC PICTURE

TORONTO DAILY Star Chicago Daily Tribune The Dallas Morning News The Philadelphia Inquirer The New York Times. San Francisco Chronicle Democrat and Record

GIRLS in the NEWS

1 Lucky afternoon. For voting highest of his girl fans in war work, Betty Brinkhoff, 18, of Brooklyn, N. Y., won the date with himself offered monthly by Ted Martin, radio singing star. The date includes dinner, dancing, and home via subway.

2 School artist. Anna Kennedy, 11, hopes her sketch of "Tom Sawyer" will be chosen by the Board of Education to illustrate classics for use in New York City schools. *World Tribune-Herald*

3 Young scientist. Winner of \$3,400 Westinghouse Science Grand Scholarship named this year is Morton Jurek, 17, of Brooklyn, New York. With her is Nancy Stafford, 17, of Watertown,

N. Y., only girl among eight winners of four-year \$400 Science Scholarships in the Talent Search.

4 Sailed for Slavia. High school editors and student council presidents of 63 Philadelphia schools listen to Frank Slavia speak against prejudice at youth assembly. *Press Associates*

5 Trophy girls. Last year's winner, Margaret O'Brien, heads this year's Forester's Magazine award for most talented juvenile movie star to Elizabeth Taylor, our new Junior Advisory Editor.



Words to the Wise

LATCH on to a good idea, you hep Hedys who know good listening when you hear it! The **CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air** grows more popular every week it's on the air. You'll want to listen for the famous guest stars who appear on many programs, but the weekly features—fashion talks by your favorite fashion editor, Nancy Pepper of **CALLING ALL GIRLS**, peppy jive-talk by Jenny Jabberwocky, dramatizations of marvelous stories—would be grand even if there weren't another star on the program.

And there's more, too. On the weekly program the de-



Pretty Betty Carlisle of stage and screen is a guest star of your radio club.

partment stores which sponsor the **CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air** on radio stations throughout the country bring

you news of their teen-wise styles and features. You'll get shopping tips as well as super entertainment when you tune in on the program produced for you!

Look at the list on page 58 of this issue for the name of the smart store near you which sponsors the **CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air**. If no store in your district has the program yet, write to Linda Allen, National Director, **CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air**, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N.Y., and give her the name of your favorite store. It could be, something could be done!

It's a picnic...Have a Coke



...a friendly way to keep everybody happy

Have a Coke is a friendly phrase right in the carefree picnic spirit.

It's a happy signal to relax and be yourself. There's fun and friendliness in every sip of ice-cold Coca-Cola. There's life, sparkle and goodness that bring out the sunny side in everybody. Yes, Coke always makes picnic time or any time friendly refreshment time.



"Coke" is Coca-Cola
You naturally hear Coca-Cola
called by its friendly abbreviation
"Coke". But never the quality prod-
uct of The Coca-Cola Company.



Sailin' on a Dreamboat... in a Teentimer Original,
made of Windsor Krinkle, a swishy searucker in multi-colored stripes.
Teen sizes 8 to 16, about \$4.



J. N. Allen & Co., Buffalo, N. Y.
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When writing to advertisers please mention **CALLING ALL GIRLS**

The VICTORY CLUB

MUSCLE BOUND



DON'T THESE
VEGETABLES
LOOK
WONDERFUL?

LOOK AT THE NAME
OF THAT CORN-
"HOWLING MOB, EASY
TO EAT FROM THE
CORN," IT SAYS HERE.

BOY OH BOY,
I'LL BE A
"HOWLING MOB"
OF ONE TO
BITE MY TEETH
INTO THAT!



THERE'S SOMETHING
ELSE IT SAYS
THERE THAT YOU
ARE PERCHANCE
OVERLOOKING.

ME OVERLOOK
ANYTHING
ABOUT FOOD?
WHAT?



PRICE-MONEY SEEDS
COST IT, AND SO DO
FERTILIZER AND STUFF.
HOW'S THE TEEN TOWN
TREASURY HOLLY?

AS FLAT AS
THE PLATTERS
WE SPENT
IT ON.



AND WE'RE
GOING TO
NEED
RAKES AND
HOES AND
SHADES.

SAY THERE ARE
A LOT OF ROCKS
IN HERE AND THE
EARTH IS TERRIBLY
HARD.

HOW ARE
WE EVER
GOING TO GET
IT PLOWED?

ON THIS DATE
WE'LL GROW
THE VICTORY CLUB
VEGETABLE GARDEN







Mystery of the LOST VILLAGE

THE STORY UP TO NOW

Because she had promised to deliver Mrs. Fundy's car, the old Ark, to its owner at the Air-Go ranch in Arizona.

Before leaving, Rusty and Toby, when one overboard a telephone conversation on the trip got from Minneapolis that rustled as it.

Both Mr. and Mrs. the young man who drove the car, were planning to steal it before Rusty and

Missy, however, had younger brother, could reach the car. Rusty's scheme failed when Rusty and Toby tried to leave the Ark and go with the husky-voiced stranger who appeared on the canyon trail. Arriving at the ranch, Rusty learned that

Toby, with whom, son of the owner of the Late-Ark, that Rusty's father, a guest at the ranch, was Rusty. And then, Mr. Whitman, Toby's small owner, the

discovered that Mr. Fundy had driven Mrs. Fundy and Mrs. Whitman to Phoenix. But also brought to light the fact that the disappearance of their

brother, Bob, Garrison had disappeared, having failed to start the car because Rusty had taken the keys. To this dis-

covery, Rusty's older brother, who had spent the winter at the ranch, added the story of his own mysterious adventures at the canyon cave in which he had been playing for Indian relics. He

learned that Mrs. Fundy, widow of an archaeologist, who had told him the while playing nearby some time earlier, was behind the queer things that had happened in the cave. He then, Friend

Mail, at the cave. Rusty went to bed completely mystified, but secure in the knowledge that Toby had looked for Ark keys in the cave and was waiting for him under her basket. A voice calling "Rusty" woke her, and she hurried to her brother's room to find him, both asleep. When she returned to her own room, she found the keys gone! Now go on with Chapter III.

Rusty put two and two together, but what happened at the dude ranch and at Cy's cave made the answer anybody's guess.

By ANNETTE TURNER

Author of "Mystery Nikes the Bear"

wasn't a prowler, as I thought at first."

"I don't care what he is!" Rusty's whisper rose. "He's trying to get away with Mrs. Fundy's car! And he will, too, while we just stand here!"

"That's crazy," said Toby stubbornly. "You didn't see him, but I did. Go back to bed and forget the whole thing."

"You saw him," Rusty repeated. "You know him, Toby Whitman. You're helping him!"

She jerked away from him and rushed back into her room, closing the door in Toby's astounded face. With trembling fingers she hurried into shirt and slacks, then slid her bare feet into a pair of moccasins and tiptoed into the hall and down

the stairs. Once outside, she started to run blindly in the direction in which she thought she would find the garage, only to stumble and collide with a low hedge. She felt someone seize her arm and heard Toby say fiercely, "Look here, dope! Do you want to break your neck? If you've got to go tearing around at night making trouble for everybody, you could carry a flashlight!"

Rusty tried to pull away, but Toby's grasp was firm. "I thought you'd try something like that," he said with a short laugh. "I'll go with you to the garage, but if Bob—if this fellow is as sharp as I think he is, I reckon it will be too late to do anything about it."

RUSTY was across the room in a flash, certain that the thief must have entered and left by the open window. She could see nothing, hear nothing in theinky blackness below. She raced back to the door and flung it open, to find Toby tiptoeing away down the hall. He turned and saw her. "You still up?" he asked.

"The keys! Someone took the keys to the car!" Rusty whispered fiercely. "Did you see anyone?"

Toby came back slowly, looking as if he were trying to make up his mind about something. "I—yes, I saw him," he said. "I heard someone prowling around, and . . . look, you don't have to worry about it. He



Toby grasped Rusty's arm. "I thought you'd try something like that," he said.

Seething with anger, Rusty had no choice but to let Toby pilot her toward the dark row of garages. They had almost reached the first one in the row when behind one of the doors farther down, a starter whirled. There was the sound of a motor sputtering, and a car without lights crept quietly out of the garage, gained speed, and moved swiftly away down the trail past the cottonwoods. Only when it neared the gate did the driver turn on his lights.

Rusty stared after the car in outraged despair. She caught her breath with a half-sob.

"It's all your fault, Toby Whitman! You wanted him to get away! You didn't even lock the garage when I asked you to!"

"Didn't I?" Toby sounded hurt. "Let me show you."

Rusty held back, but Toby made her walk with him to the door from which the car had come. He flashed his small torch over it, and Rusty saw the padlock, its staples wrenched loose, hanging crooked. It was still locked.

As Toby lighted the way back to the house, he said quietly, "I don't know what it's all about, but maybe you'll tell me—if you're over being sore."

Rusty wavered. She liked Toby's crooked grin and his friendly gray eyes—but she had liked Bob Clayton, too, and what a mistake that had been!

She swallowed, and said stiffly, "Maybe I will—some time. Right now I guess I'd better go to bed."

Getting to sleep once she was back in bed was another matter. She'd evened the score with Toby a little by her coolness, but she wasn't happy about it. She liked Toby, and yet—to whom had Bob telephoned in Chatfield? The line to the ranch had been busy. Could it have been to Toby, and was the man on the trail, the man with the threatening voice, an innocent passer-by? But if Toby was working with Bob, he wouldn't have



Startled, Rusty joined Cindy's ride. She knew that rodeo!

brought back the keys. Except that he knew she'd ask for them, of course. The little trick to get her out of her room—had that been Toby's doing, or Bob's? Now could either one of them know that Nick was famous for calling out in his sleep when he had bad dreams, and that she'd go in to wake him?

And how was she going to face Mrs. Fundy when she returned from Phoenix? Granted that the car was an old rattletrap. It was important to Mrs. Fundy, or she wouldn't have had Rusty trace it and buy it back. It was important to Bob, too, but why? Was there something special about the Ark, something no other car had? Rusty beat the pillow, turned it over to find a cool spot, and fell asleep at last.

The next morning Rusty was the last one down to breakfast in the sunny patio. Most of the other guests were already out at the corral, waiting for horses.

Cy, a book propped open beside his plate, was finishing a muffin when Rusty joined him.

"We're riding out to the dig today," he informed her. "Now you're really going to see something. Seven miles of the sweetest canyon trail, and then a, super-duper cave. And if you're good," he waved a spoon at her,

"I'll let you dig up a toe bone."

"Think of that!" Rusty laughed. She had guessed that there would be riding today, and had dressed in a bright green shirt and brown jodhpurs. "I thought Pops said your digging was important!"

"Maybe it isn't yet." Cy looked grieved. "But I might find something that would throw new light on the whole history of early civilization in this country—if I'm digging in the right spot."

"Would a toe bone do that?" Rusty asked mischievously.

"Look," said Cy. "Read a book once in a while. Now this one," he brushed crumbs from the open page, "tells about the way the Indians built their villages and how if you kept on digging through one layer after another, you'd learn all about how they lived. Why, you could piece together their whole history just by the things you'd find buried in a cave."

"But how do you know there ever was an Indian village around here, or where it's buried?" Rusty asked. "How would anyone know?"

"I'm just a rank amateur, and a pretty green one at that," Cy said patiently. "But look, Dr. Fundy was sharp as they come, I've heard. Quiser, secret sort of chap, but he made friends with the Hops, and spent summer after summer studying this section right around here. Maah, my Hopi friend, says Dr. Fundy lived with the Hops for weeks on end. My guess is they told him. Old Nakwawtiwa, Maah's grandfather, would know if there was a buried Indian village within a hundred miles. He knows everything. But when I try to ask him about it, I get brushed off fast!"

"Wrong approach." Rusty's brown eyes twinkled. "You keep after Nakwawtiwa and find out where this village is. No sense in digging up the whole state of Arizona. How did you happen to pick the spot you're digging in now?"

Cy grinned. "The professor—Dr. Fundy—had built a cabin up on the mesa not far from this cave the summer before he was killed. I went down there one day with Mrs. Fundy, saw the cave, and decided there ought to be a village under it." He shuddered. "And if there isn't, I'd like to know why someone's so bent on stopping me! I'd just like to know!"

Rusty was impressed, in spite of her amused air. "Don't let anyone stop you, Cy," she said. "Not Mrs. Fundy or anyone."

On the way out to the corral, Rusty confided to her brother the adventure with Toby the night before and the theft of the car. "Which gives Toby a pretty black eye, seems to me," she concluded.

"Think so?" Cy grinned. "He looks in the pink right now."

Toby, resplendent in a bright yellow shirt and blue levis, was perched on the corral fence, doing fancy things with a lariat. At Rusty's approach, he whirled the rope and dropped it neatly

about a dignified brown shepherd dog that sat observing the cow hands at their work of bringing up the horses. The dog gave him an injured look, stepped out of the coil of rope, and seated himself at a safe distance. Toby rubbed an ear and grinned at Rusty. Muff was already astride her postbald pony, and Nick and a brown horse named Escapade eyed each other distrustfully.

"He's gentled!" Muff shrieked. "Just get on him, Nick, and show him you're the boss! Or do you want to change with me? Want to ride Shoofly?"

"Naw. That old nag!" said Nick scornfully.

Charley, the corral boss, took Rusty's measure with a practiced eye and assigned her to a mild-mannered little black called Cinder. Rusty took a few

corral boss, nodding his head toward Cinder. At the sound of his voice, Rusty started, and jerked Cinder's rein so hard that the horse reared. She couldn't be mistaken! She'd know that throaty voice anywhere: The man at Toby's side, who seemed to be someone in authority at the Lazy-K, was the man who had stopped them last night on the trail!

"Who was that man you were talking to, Toby?" she asked as they started down the trail.

Toby, who, as the best rider, was entrusted with carrying Crink on his saddle, trotted his horse up beside Cinder. "John Ravers," he said. "He's an Indian and a swell fellow. College graduate—studied to be a veterinarian, and I reckon there isn't a thing he doesn't know about animals, especially horses. Dad's been years getting him to come and manage the ranch for him, and even now he spends half his time driving around doctoring animals wherever they need him. Sometimes he doesn't get back to the ranch for days at a stretch."

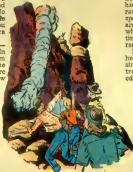
Rusty was silent, busy with her thoughts, as they rode single file along the cool, damp trail, soft with pine needles, edged with fern, which followed the rushing river.

After a mile or two the gorge widened, and Rusty could see sheer cliffs towering in brilliant sunlight toward a piercingly blue sky, across which snowy puffs of white cloud drifted lazily. Halfway up the craggy slopes stretched dark wedges of fir and juniper. Higher still, above the timber line, jagged rocks emerged russet, gold, and bronze, streaked with brighter layers of crimson and magenta.

As the gorge curved slowly northward, Rusty saw, halfway up the distant canyon wall, a stream of smoke pour out of the yellow cliff. Cy saw it, too, and let out a shout that rang back along the trail.

"The cave! It's on fire!"

Toby, riding behind Rusty, called reassuringly, "There's (Continued on page 20)



"Look! There's someone skulking on the mesa," Charley blurted, pointing upward.

turns about the corral on Cinder to try him out. As she returned to the gate, she saw Toby talking with a swarthy, handsome man, an Indian, who looked her way as she approached.

"Been having any more trouble with that little black's foreleg, Charley?" he asked of the

ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

FLAMING RESCUE!



Cookie BREWS TEA FOR TWO



FILL THE KETTLE WITH FRESH COLD WATER AND BRING TO A BOIL.

TELL ME EXACTLY WHAT TO DO. I'LL REMEMBER BETTER IF I DO IT MYSELF.

NEXT YOU SCALO THE TEAPOT.



FILL TEAPOT WITH VERY HOT WATER AND LET STAND TILL HEATED, THEN EMPTY THE POT.

MOTHER SAYS THIS IS SO THE POT WON'T CHILL THE BOILING WATER.

SOUNDS LIKE SOUND SCIENCE.



WHEN THE WATER FIRST BOILS, POUR OVER TEA AND COVER.

THAT POT HOLDS SIX CUPS.

AND I MEASURE TEASPOON OF TEA FOR EACH CUP OF WATER.



LET THE TEA STEEP FOR FIVE MINUTES.

JUST A SPRIG OF WINT'N BACH GROWS IN? WHAT ELSE?

GLASS, A SLICE OF LEMON, AND SUGAR AS YOU LIKE IT.



ISN'T THAT EASY, COOKIE?

IT DOESN'T TASTE "EASY," BUT IT CERTAINLY IS!



TOOTSIE AND THE FARMYARD FIRE!

BY GUY BROWN AND JIMMY COLEMAN





WOW!

JUST ONE CHEWY CHOCOLATEY TOOTSIE ROLL GIVES YOU MORE ENERGY THAN YOU USE IN CIRCLING THE BASES 34 TIMES!



IT'S ALL ONLY 7¢

A TOOTSIE ROLL can not only sustain you in the heat or cold! They're made with milk and loads of other body-building ingredients which give you the energy you need to win. And TOOTSIE ROLLS give you energy fast! You can truly feel the energy rush to your muscles after you pop a Tootsie roll into your mouth! Try a Tootsie!

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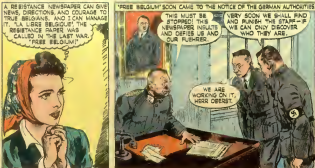
THE TRUE STORY OF A BELGIAN
HEROINE WHO IS KNOWN EVEN
NOW ONLY BY HER UNDERGROUND
NAME OF MARIANE SUSS

IN 1940, WHEN THE GERMANS OCCUPIED BELGIUM...



A RESISTANCE NEWSPAPER CAN GIVE NEWS, DIRECTIONS, AND COURAGE TO TRUE BELGIANS. AND I CAN MANAGE IT. "LA LIBRE BELGIQUE," THE RESISTANCE PAPER WAS CALLED IN THE LAST WAR. "FREE BELGIUM!"

'GROSS WILHELM' SOON CAME TO THE NOTICE OF THE GERMAN AUTHORITIES.





THE PAPER WAS NEVER PRINTED AT THE SAME PLACE TWICE RUNNING.

BUT AT LAST, AFTER 'FREE BELGIUM' HAD BEEN PUBLISHED FOR THREE YEARS...

SO—WE CATCH YOU AT WORK! YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!

NOW WE SHALL SOON KNOW ALL WE NEED TO KNOW

SO MADAME RUSE WAS IMPRISONED. NAZI TORTURE WHITENED HER HAIR AND BROKE HER HEALTH, BUT IT COULD NOT BREAK HER SPIRIT.

BUT THE UNDERGROUND WAS WELL ORGANIZED.

TWO THOUSAND PATROYS ARE ON THE TRAIN LEAVING TOMORROW. YOU ALL KNOW WHAT TO DO

I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE SWITCHES.

THAT TRAIN WON'T MOVE VERY FAST.

THE FOURTH DAY OF THE TRIP WAS D-DAY... JUNE 5, 1944.

WHY, WE'RE BACK IN BRUSSELS

DER FUHRER NEEDS THE TRACKS CLEARED FOR TROOP TRAINS. YOU WILL REMAIN IN PRISON HERE UNTIL WE HAVE DRIVEN THE ALLIES FROM EUROPEAN SOIL. MADAME RUSE.

THIS IS THE LAST CHANCE TO SAVE YOURSELF FURTHER TORTURE. TELL US WHO WORKED WITH YOU AND WE'LL LET YOU REST.

I WILL TELL YOU NOTHING!

SHIP HER TO GERMANY THEN, WITH THE OTHER POLITICAL PRISONERS. SHE'LL RESIST HER SILENCE.

CAN I HELP IT IF WE HAVE A HOT-BOX? WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT HERE A COUPLE OF HOURS UNTIL IT COOLS OFF.

ROTTEN RAILROADS YOU BELGIANS HAVE. LOOSE RAILS, SWITCHES CLOSED WHEN THEY SHOULD BE OPEN—AND NOW THEY IN THREE DAYS WE'VE GONE JUST TWENTY MILES.



AND SO THE ALLIED ARMIES FOUND AND FREED MADAME RUSE, AND THE OTHER PATRIOT CAPTIVES WHEN BELGIUM WAS LIBERATED IN SEPTEMBER, 1944.



JUDY WING

SHE'S OFF TO A NEW BASE







Simplicity Sue sews some MIDRIFFS



PUNCHY PUNCHING—You make it down a Turkish towel or Terry cloth or the yard. No cutting or sewing. Fringe with your hand a stamped, skeletoned, seamless for free Punchy Pouches—extraordinary effects!

HEY, your midriff's showing. That's because you're wearing those "midriff" fashions that Simplicity Sue picked out to brighten up your summer sports life. They're easy to make and they certainly don't take much yardage. Everybody will be wearing them this summer—so sharpen your scissors, thread your needles. Be sure to rip and tuck in the right places!

Left to Right—

A pretty-pretty three-piece with drawstring "baby" pants and puffed sleeves. This one is a real stopper in snow-white sharkskin. Simplicity Pattern 1323, sizes 10-18, costs 25c.

Pick a tropical cotton print for your sarong swim suit. These are saved shorts under the tie-on sarong skirt. Simplicity Pattern 1302, sizes 12-20, costs 25c.

Covered shoulders, high necklines are new for summer—especially with midriff ventilation. Make this one in black cotton with print tie-on skirt. Simplicity Pattern 1306, sizes 14-18, costs 15c.

Obtain Simplicity Patterns from your local dealers or send such to PATENT, CALING All, 200, 22 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Be sure to state correct number and size.

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by following these pointers. So send us today for your copy of "Tennis Champion", by Alice Marble. And soon (in coupon) these other sports books of special interest to girls—by authorities on interesting, girls' golf, and home and neighborhood games.

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A tip from Wheaties

To do your best, and look your best, remember that proper diet is important. Three nourishing meals daily, including breakfast. So start your breakfast with a good start bowl of Wheaties, with plenty of milk and fruit. These crunchy whole wheat flakes are nourishing. Fun to eat. See—no lumps, craps, tears! Try Wheaties! General Mills, Inc.



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Age _____

Sleep Cool in abbreviated dream duds



Joan Maloney, 13, wears a two-piece short pajama. Janet Ryan, 14, wears the Tropic coat (inspired by Betty Davis' pajama top in "Old Acquaintance") Below, Doris Parsons, 16, is checked every three minutes sleepers that could double for outside play. Trousers, styled by Harry Berger. Bath-sweet Foam Bath, Jovelle Daring Powder Puff, Illu-sade Cologne by Palmer



SHORT and sweet for Sleepy-time Gals * Don't be caught napping in long P. J.'s or gowns this summer. To keep cool in the heat from yawn to dawn take a lukewarm refreshing bubble bath before you go to bed, dust yourself with fragrant talcum, put a few drops of light cologne on your forehead, put on your bedtime briefers, and slide down between cool sheets. Good night, sleep tight, sweet dreams.

Keep Cool in air-conditioned cottons

By NANCY FEPPER
Fashion Editor

Cooked gingham for sun-back dress, about \$11, and date dress, about \$12, the latter air-cooled with apricot top. Both are Seventeen Incorporated Teen's "Polar Poni" run, as far right. He's a friend of "Stinky," the skunk.

Below, Peter Pan cotton print with rockback and apricot yoke. Huffed cap above for occasion. A Date Teen, about \$1



THEY'RE sun backed, they're ventilated with eyelets, they're sleeveless—they'll keep you as cool as our pixilated polar bear. And—they're the first Teen dresses to come out of St. Louis, long famous for Junior fashions. Sizes 7 to 15 for high schoolers and junior high schoolers. Look for them and other Air-Conditioned cotton fashions at the Official Headquarters Stores listed on another page.

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the crowd when they see you
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A Chubby Steals the Show

WHEN 14-year-old Delores Wirth walked down the runway at the CALLING ALL GIRLS Club fashion show at Gimbel's, New York, you could have heard the applause clear out to Kalamazoo, Mich. Like Delores, lots of girls in the audience were Chubbies, so you couldn't blame them for cheering when she was picked as one of the prettiest models by a jury of six boys. Yes, she stole the show.

Delores fits into a Chubbette size 14½ to perfection. Flunfors, above left, about 32, white rayon, doris dress with lace uppers, about 14½, olive shorts, about 12½, and shorts, about 12. These and other Chubbette fashions at Gimbel's, New York, and many Official Headquarters Stores listed on page 32.



A DATE WITH LOUISE

(Continued from page 7)

day she does her stint being Marjorie and Judy—but always she is herself.

Saturday might be called self-improvement day. Louise has her hair done and takes a singing lesson.

Sunday is "Gildersleeve" day, which means rehearsals for the evening's broadcast.

Louise doesn't have a regular boy-friend, but she has dates—just once a week. She loves to dance, and has quite a collection of recordings. She likes to lie in bed listening to the radio. (And speaking of bed, Louise gets twelve hours of sleep every night.) The first thing she does when she wakes up is to turn on her radio.

Louise is a great fan of Frank Sinatra. She has a scrapbook full of clippings about him and many pictures of Frank on the walls of her room. But she isn't partial. Bing Crosby is a favorite, too. Alan Ladd is tops. Glenn Ford and Walter Pidgeon rank very high in her opinion.

Oh, yes, just like a lot of other girls, Louise has a brother who gets in her hair. John is a great practical joker and sometimes makes her life miserable with his pranks. But she really thinks the world of him, and they have wonderful romps with her dog, Redgie, who is white, shaggy, and spoiled.

Once in a while Louise's troubles loom pretty large—like the time her brother got hold of her diary and spread all her secrets over the neighborhood. There was proof in the Erickson household that all wars aren't waged on foreign soil. From Louise's remarks, John just lies awake nights dreaming up ways to make her life miserable. And there isn't much difference between real-life problems and her radio ones. Dix Davis, who is her story brother Randolph of "A Date with Judy," is just as bad. Louise is now learning how to wait patiently for "double trouble (brothers) to grow up. Eventually they're bound to have handsome friends."



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TRICKS for TEENS

Barrette Coquette—Aren't we all, nowadays? Here are some new ideas about how to wear your barrettes with a difference. If you're a little bored with your silver hair-clip, put a little hair bow the color of your dress inside the clasp along with your hair, so that the ends perk out at the sides of the barrette.—*Jane Sawasdi, Bismarck, N. J.* For another variation, wear one of your father's necktie pins as a barrette.—*Irene Sadouski, Glen Head, N. Y.* Old dress clips of your mother's are positively safer, and will add new brilliance. (You'd better ask Mother and Father before you appropriate their things, though.)—*Frances Kessay, Brimley Hill, Pa.* An old dress buckle with a lock of your hair slipped through it looks like a smart metal or plastic bow on the side of your head.—*Dorothy Duck, Roland, Min.* One of those great big plastic barrettes will show who's ahead with you if you letter your special date's name on it in nail polish.—*Jeanne L. Cade, Glenside, Kans.* And for a completely original and delightful barrette, mount one of the dominos from a broken set on two hobby pins. Tape the tops of the pins to the back of the domino with adhesive tape, the way you mount pennies for penny barrettes.—*Mary M. Allen, Baton Rouge, La.*

Fancy Pants—They're fun! There's a tape for purple blue-jeans, and you can have a pair by just dipping your old blue denims in red dye. But you'd better either boil them in the dye or stay out of the rain, for just dipping them won't make them color-fast the way boiling will! —*Lois Filand, Selma, Kans.* If your old jeans are too short this year, cut them off knee-high or higher and then cut fringe at the bottom with a pair of scissors. Makes a cute cow-girl outfit! —*Diane Raymond, Sacramento, Calif.* And long or short, blue,

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Here's the Junior set's special version of the popular trench coat, in smooth combed cotton poplin, tan, red or silver blue, girls' sizes 7 to 14. About \$9. In double coated ridges built-in and silver blue, teen sizes 10 to 16. About \$12. You'll find a complete, popular priced group of Weatherbee rain's/dimes each at better stores everywhere.

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purple, or sky-blue pink, your gown will look livelier with a large, red, heart-shaped patch sewed on the back!—N. Z. Chaplin, Gainesville, Ga.

Summer Stillness.—Pastel powder puffs, sewed together in the shape of a bannin and bound around the edge with harmonizing ribbon, look light and lovely.—Arlene Miller, Brooklyn, N. Y. Wear ballet shoes with your summer cottons and with your formal, too. They're extra-smart—and ration-free.—Ann Harrison, Arlington, Va. Put silver-colored thumb tacks all around the heels of your play shoes, or all along the wedge of your wedgies, for a sparkling nail-head effect.—Jean Magnuson, Granada, Minn. If your slip-straps are worn or broken, sew a piece of ribbon to each side where the straps were attached to the slip, then bring the other ends of the ribbons up and tie them in a bow at your shoulder.—Wilma Harradine, Brockport, N. Y. Drawstring blouses look well with a large bead fastened at each end of the drawstring. Keeps the strings from pulling out, too.—Shirley Smith, Peoria, Ill. To trim a stern-looking pinafore or jumper, sew ruffled curtain tie-backs around the armholes.—Ruth Frank, Philadelphia, Pa.

Pretty Ways with Pretty Waves.—Take a piece of ribbon about eighteen inches long, tie a bow at each end, and don't cut it. Pin one bow at each side of your hair and let the middle part of the ribbon loop across the back. It's lovely with a long bob.—Evelyn Locke, New Port Richey, Fla. Take a plain headband and some of those brass paper-fasteners that have two prongs to bend outward. Stick the prongs through the headband to the wrong side, bend them back to fasten, and there you have a headband-trimmed hair band.—Eleanor Hewitt, West Hartford, Conn. Put a picture of "the man" in the center of your hairbow.—Lore Franklin, Detroit, Mich.

Here's what tanks say in battle



Parts of actual radio conversations between tanks recorded during the capture of Guam:

"All Tanks. Move out. Red Two and Red Three, you are too close. Green Four, not so fast. Grade is slight. Open out and keep an eye on the infantry behind you."

"Red One from Green Four. I'm moving out left to take a pillbox. All right to lead."

"Green Four. Don't fire. The Fourth Marines are over there somewhere. Run up and turn around on the box to crush it."

"Wilco."

IN BATTLE, tankmen see out through narrow slits or peep-holes. They must depend on good communications between tanks for their eyes and ears—to help protect each other, and to fight the enemy as an effective team. The multi-channel tank radios they use were

designed by Bell Telephone Laboratories' scientists in co-operation with the Signal Corps, and were built by Western Electric workers. This is another example of the many ways Bell System research and manufacturing is helping our armed forces.

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Care in summer... Fair in fall!

Here's a trick or two to give that
sad summer tale of beauty and the beach a happy ending

By LOUISE CARLISLE
Good Looks Editor

Al, the carefree summer-time! In June, July, and August, you let the good old sun beat down on your skin and hair, you swim a lot so you mostly skip warm, soapy baths, and in general you take a vacation from day-in-day-out attention to your appearance. Then one day in September you wake up and take a penetrating look at yourself in the mirror—and horrors! You can't face going back to school, to a new class, looking like that! But alas and alack, neither can you repair the ravages of summer carelessness in just a few days. So draw your own conclusions, and we'll give you a few tips on how to take care in summer to be fair in fall.

Skin Care—Wash the face faithfully every night with warm water and soap, and be sure to rinse and dry thoroughly. Use soothing cream or lotion at bed-



Honestly, it's no fun facing hair like scorched silk and skin, so start now toward a smooth finish.

Look! Be lovel! Good looks now mean good looks in the fall



Dip and dive, but don't forget the standing date with tub and soap.

time to keep the skin from getting dried out and flaky, even if you tan smoothly.

Frequent warm baths are needed especially in the summer. No, Esmereida, a cool shower or a dip in the pool is not enough. You need to scrub in the tub to get off every bit of perspiration and dirt.

If you tend to burn painfully, use protective suntan cream or lotion whenever you're going to be exposed to the sun, not only on your nose, but on any exposed surface. Don't forget your neck!

Elbows and knees get coarse and grimy when you loll on the beach or around the tennis court—or just loll and let the dirt collect. Scrub 'em briskly when you take your warm bath. Avoid them with after-bath oil or any good hand cream or lotion every day.

Don't neglect your nails! Wear them shorter in summer, if you go in for active sports and want to avoid breakage. Keep the cuticle pushed back and give them an occasional oil treatment. Hand lotion or cream several times a day will keep your paws velvety.

Hair Care—It's important to brush even more faithfully in

An oil shampoo can undo a lot of summer sun and wind mischief



summer, to get out dust and to smooth wind-blown tangles. Be sure to rinse salt water out of the hair before drying. An occasional oil or tonic scalp rub will help prevent the hair from becoming overly dry, will keep it lustrous and manageable.

Are you in the know?



For a slick permanent, which is a "must"?

- ☐ A skilled operator
- ☐ A cold wave
- ☐ A machine wave

Funny huh—or doesn't go? That depends largely on the skill of your operator. Let her decide the right type of wave for your hair-structure. She'll grooming requires delicate care. And guard your shoulders with care... especially at "certain" times.

Now there's a discomfort looked aside with Kotex napkins. The discomfort can't shake out, because it is processed into each pad—not merely dusted on. No extra charge for the new Kotex "extra" that adds your charm, your confidence.



Is this little hand telling—

- ☐ Playing pretty-catch
- ☐ She's lonely
- ☐ Coffee-date catcalls

No, she's not "tinkled"... just telling how common. And if you have to frown around the house of your neck, try. Standing alert, arms out (in throat), elbows stiff. Strong arms backward, forward, touching. Elongate. This also launches shoulderblade problems. To launch problems-day after day—choose Kotex, for Kotex stays up while working—for different from pads that just "fall" out at first touch. And the special safety cover of Kotex gives you plus protection.



If you're sprayed with a show-off, should you—

- ☐ Try to restrain him
- ☐ Go under through
- ☐ Make with the ladies

Now... DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin



17 M. Bag
12.5 M. Bag

Why attempt to freeze or reform him? Be smart and go under through his clothing. It can be fun—and he'll tell the world you're wonderful! Learning to laugh in a trying situation helps build self-confidence. That goes for trying days, too... when you laugh off "telling parties" from with the pointed, for improved ends of Kotex. So unlike thick, sticky napkins, these hot pressed ends don't show revealing lines. Kotex keeps you confident!

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He's doing his part in
the war — are you?
[Page 54 tells ways]

Your talking ways

How's your telephone technique?
Lucky you if it's smooth, ready for
double charm-duty

By MARTHA ROSS

THERE are times, times every day in fact, when the hang of your skirt, the comb of your hair, and the tilt of your lipstick aren't the least bit important. That sounds as if we were standing up and talking back at all the stern words of the charm and fashion authorities. But don't jump to conclusions! Such a heyday is not today. We're talking about the disembodied you, the voice at the end of the telephone wire—the you without your glamour smile or your newest date hat to sell you. The world can really get your number by your telephone technique, and if you would rate as a charming chick, you'd best make that technique one of your smoothest.

Out at the World's Fair of 1933-34 there was a gadget on which you could record your voice and then play back the record to hear how you sounded. It's a shame all of us couldn't have had a go at the instrument—though the results were quite a shock to most people. It would have taught us to keep the whine and the bark out of our voices. The thing to remember about talking on the telephone is that you're literally wired for sound, and it isn't necessary to cover the distance between you and the other half of the conversation by lung power. A moderate, controlled way of speaking will go a long way. Shrieking is out-of-date, and so is the



You may be set for a four-hour session, but what about your victim? Could he you're getting him on the spot.

genteel whisper no one hears. And when you're making a call, the first rule of the line is to state your business promptly, the primary item of which is who you are. The "guess-who" cutie deserves to be hung—at least hung up on. Guessing games are good parlor games, but only when all the players are in the same parlor.

The second rule of knowing how to talk on the telephone is knowing when to stop. The loiling teen-ager, entangled with the telephone for hours on end, has been the butt of many cartoons, but she really has more pot value than jet value. Consider, for instance, if you have a party line. Then it's obvious that it's only fair to make your calls no longer than necessary so that the people who share the cost of the phone can also share its use. But even if you have a private wire, share and share alike applies to your family, too. If you monopolize the telephone, you're probably not making yourself their favorite daughter. True, the family may not actually be standing by, waiting impatiently for a turn at the phone, but there's no way

you can tell what incoming calls you might be preventing by thoughtlessly long chatter. With a little forethought you can get together with your friends and carry on many of your conversations in person, much to everybody's advantage.

So, the long talk is not always your fault, you say? Sometimes it is and sometimes it isn't. By all rights, the one who makes the call should be the one to end it. Still, there are times when you as the receiver may have to wind up a long-winded situation. If the person calling you shows signs of going in for perpetual conversation, call forth your tact and see how smoothly you can wiggle out from under the wire. If worse comes to worst, simply say you're sorry but you have to go now, or your father gets important calls and you can't tie up the line so long.

Speaking of your family, how good are you at taking messages—which is a real test of a telephone-smoother? It

may be a disappointment to you that the call turned out to be for someone else, but that certainly isn't the fault of the innocent caller. Don't just snap that she isn't home. Do ask if you may take a message. Then you write the message down. No matter how good you think you are, there are very few people who can actually remember to deliver messages without a written memo of some sort. If your family hasn't the pad-by-the-telephone habit, why don't you set it up? It saves lots of headaches.

Next in the rules—whom to call. By the same reasoning that you won't make your calls any longer than necessary, you won't make any more calls than necessary. You know best when you really have to give or ask information that rates a phone call—that is, you know best if you remember the phone is not a toy. So if you work on the principle of calling only when you have something to say or ask, there's no difference whether you're call-

ing a girl or a boy. You should use the same tone, the same approach to each. But, of course, if you're phoning a boy to attract attention, don't fool yourself into thinking this approach is any more subtle than literally chasing him down Main Street. And what gal in her right mind would do that?

And then, finally, when to call. There's no denying that the telephone is a great invention. But it does have one terrific drawback. It's noisy. That's something we're all apt to forget, but it's well worth remembering. Try to think whether you're waking anyone up by your accessibility—war worker or baby. You'll find such consideration the making of your popularity with the families of your friends.

Certainly anyone who can talk, can talk over a telephone. But this doesn't mean everyone can do it well. So down with the miss who misuses it, and laurels to the miss who uses it to advantage. And may you be one of the winners.

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This flower is wearable.
To fascinate smart style
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Joan Lord

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"Love Me or Love Me Not", there's no guessing about these captivating little shorts—they're the perfect accompaniment for every leisure moment! Pleated all around for perceptible "poof", "subtle",

crisp texture, pre-creased, open hem guarding that takes kindly to a hot sun—no tedious iron-boards when that love the sunlight

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Teen alone.

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MYSTERY OF THE LOST VILLAGE

(Continued from page 28)

nothing in it to burn. Take it easy!"

But Cy urged his horse on at a gallop down the trail, and the others followed. They tethered the horses hastily by the river and, with Crinkles in hot pursuit, began scrambling up the zigzag footpath toward the overhanging sandstone ledge from which the smoke was now billowing in surging puffs. The entrance to the cave was completely blocked. Cy, coughing and sputtering, his eyes streaming from the smoke, was all for dashing in to see if his precious dig was safe. But Toby held him back.

"Smells like dry leaves," Toby said. "Some more mischief!"

This time, Rusty thought, no one could blame it on Mrs. Fandy. But who else could be anxious to stop Cy from digging for Indian relics?

"Look! There's someone skulking on the mesa," Muff

shouted, pointing upward.

"That's Nakwawwa, and he isn't skulking," said Toby indignantly. "He's signaling to us."

Cy scrambled up the path to the mesa to meet the old Hopi, and they stood there silent for a moment against the skyline, talking earnestly. When the Indian moved away, Cy came back looking thoughtful.

"That was pretty decent of him," he said. "Rode all the way over here on his burro to warn us. Masi's been taken sick, and the old chap says the cave is full of evil spirits. He's afraid we'll get the sickness, too. Masi's probably caught cold or something, but Nakwawwa is kind of superstitious, and thought we ought to be warned."

Cy had no intention of heeding the warning, however. He paced impatiently up and down on the ledge beside the entrance to the cave, waiting for the

billowing smoke to clear away.

"Masi!" exclaimed Muff suddenly, as a slight, black-haired boy hung himself from his pony on the canyon's edge and scrambled down the cliff to join them. "Your grandfather said you were sick!"

"Nakwawwa has been here!" Masi looked uneasy.

The boys and Muff tried to explain about the smoke, the old Hopi's visit, and his warning. "My grandfather imagines many things," Masi said at last, gravely. "Last night he saw a ghost—the ghost of the professor's cat. Tomorrow night there is to be a festival in our village, and Nakwawwa fears that the spirits of his ancestors will appear to him and avenge themselves on him. His conscience troubles him." Masi flashed them a quick smile, and then added soberly, "But why he came here this morning, I cannot understand."

At last the smoke had died down so that they could enter the cave. Cy and Masi went ahead, eager to see if any further mischief had been done. Rusty, last to enter, heard Cy's roar of anger, and ran to join them. All the dirt which the boys had dug and carefully sifted during the past weeks had been returned to the hole, the surface packed down and smoothed over as if no spade had ever turned it.

But it was something else which drew all their eyes. On top of the dig rested the whitened skull of a small animal, and, coiled about it, with the head raised as if to strike, was a dead rattlesnake.

"This I understand!" said Masi in a low voice. With a quick movement, he snatched up the skull and the dead snake, and tucked them under his arm. Then, without a word to the others, he plunged through the entrance, scrambled up the rocks to the canyon rim where his pony was tethered, and rode away at break-neck speed over the mesa.

(To be continued)



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COOKIE BREWS TEA FOR TWO

(Continued from page 31)

AFTER you've filled the glasses, strain the rest of the tea into a bottle. Cool and put in the refrigerator for "seconds." If you like the "punchy" type of iced tea, try adding sugar, lemon juice, orange juice, and a tablespoon of crushed mint leaves to the quart bottle before you put it into the icebox. And don't be horrified if it turns cloudy. That doesn't affect the flavor a bit and the tea will clear when you take it out of the refrigerator. Another smart trick is to mix it half-and-half with grape juice.

Mint Iced Tea

If you'd rather, you can steep the mint right along with the tea. Simply add a teaspoon of crushed mint leaves to the tea in the pot before you pour in the boiling water.

Spiced Iced Tea

Another trick is to put 2 cloves, 2 allspices, and a small bit of stick cinnamon into the pot to steep with the tea. Or put a bit of ginger root into the water, boil a minute or two, and use this water to make the tea.

Cold Water Iced Tea

On a sunny day, you can make iced tea without heat. Put 2 tablespoons of tea in a quart bottle or jar—clear glass, please. Fill with cold water and set it in the sun for two hours. Strain the tea over cracked ice.

Instead of Ice

You can have wonderful fun with things to put in your tea instead of plain ice. Try orange or lemon sherbet, a scoop to a glass. Or make some fancy ice cubes—like this: Squeeze a big batch of orange (or lemon) juice and pour it into the ice-cube tray. In each section put something to freeze right into the cube—a leaf of mint, a maraschino cherry, a quarter slice of lemon, lime, or orange, strawberries, black pitted cherries—anything which you think would be good. Lots of kinds are more fun than all alike, and they make the prettiest glasses of iced tea you can imagine.

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DON'T BE A GWAT

(Continued from page 15)

questioning. Very few men want to pose as public war heroes.

During the months your soldier or sailor has been away, he's done a great deal of traveling. If GI Joe has been in Europe, he may have visited London, Paris, Rome, or smaller cities and towns no less interesting. He will have plenty to talk about the differences in customs. He'll talk about thatched roofs of English country houses, a hand-operated spinning loom he saw, the French girls' art of make-up, his experience in a London fog or black-out, the English version of a hamburger, rather than the landing in Normandy, D-day in Southern France, or fighting in Africa and Italy.

If your sailor is just back from the Pacific, he can carry on for hours about trading with the natives, life on tropical islands, liberty in Brisbane or Sydney, or the French in Noumea. Every serviceman has learned a lot of geography at first hand and wants you to be interested in what he saw. These strange foreign spots offer a safe and fascinating topic. Stick to it unless the serviceman indicates a willingness to tell you his combat experiences.

He'll have a ribbon or two over his breast pocket, maybe a full row or more. He's proud of what those ribbons represent. Don't be tactless and ask what they stand for. He's gone overseas to fight for you and everyone he left at home. He'll expect you to know the difference between his area service ribbons, what is indicated by the stars or oak leaf clusters on his decorations, which one is a Bronze Star, Navy Cross, Air Medal, or Purple Heart. And remember, he may have been courageous and carried out his assigned duties without being decorated. Medals aren't necessarily proof of the hero, and the absence of medals never means that a serviceman wasn't in the thick of the fight-

ing and didn't do more than his job. Keep in mind, too, that if he went overseas and was stuck in a non-combat area he would probably have preferred to be at the front, but he was considered more valuable in the spot assigned him.

With reference to that Purple Heart, if a man has been seriously wounded he may be sensitive about his disability. He'd rather you mentioned his infirmity than pointedly ignored it, but try not to treat him with too much sympathy; he doesn't want pity. If he is lame, don't help him to move about unless he asks for help. He'll take pride in feeling independent.

Don't be tempted to complain about war shortages. They won't seem vital to a returned serviceman; nor will food rationing. He has seen civilians in bombed England and war-torn Europe uncomplainingly live in cold houses, eat a monotonous and deficient diet, and wear the remnants of a five-year-old wardrobe. At first he was amazed that people deprived of so many luxuries and former necessities accepted their plight cheerfully. Soon he realized that their appreciation for life and safety made those missing items seem petty by contrast. Forget that things were better for you in pre-war days; after what he has seen he considers you very fortunate.

He will want to be the same person he was before he went away. His life has been unnatural and, for a time at least, he may find it hard to readjust himself to the life he knew and is anxious to get back to. You, as you were, are a part of that normal life. Your job of staying at home and worrying about him may not have been easy, but that job is not finished until you make him feel at home. Be natural and tactful, don't be a GWAT, and you'll find that your serviceman—be he father, brother, uncle, or friend—will fit back into the normal pattern a great deal sooner.

LUCK-ON THE LIMBO

(Continued from page 8)

awoke from an uneasy sleep. He soon drifted off again, and Leigh, too tired and worried to sleep, walked along the shore, head down.

A splash downstream made her whirl to look out on the river. That sound had become too familiar to fool her. Paddle strokes. Yes, two men in a canoe were heading inshore to make camp.

Almost sobbing with relief, Leigh dashed across the belt of white sand, shouting.

"Please hurry! My father's hurt. We're alone here."

Both men shipped paddles and let their canoe drift. They looked at each other curiously. They had long rough beards, scraggly hair.

One of them cleared his throat. "What's wrong, miss?"

"He fell down the hill. Rock Portage. I'm so afraid—oh, you must come and help," Leigh choked.

"What's your name?"

"Gilbert."

The effect was startling. An expression Leigh had never before seen on the faces of men seemed slowly to transform them. The one in the bow puckered his lips into a crafty, knowing smile.

"Too bad," he said insolently. "Take good care of him, girlie."

Their paddles struck water. They laughed as the canoe swung back into the stream. Leigh stood there, hands clenched. She couldn't speak, could only watch them. She watched them as they crossed to the opposite shore to make camp. She watched their camp-fire flaring up red into the smoky blue twilight. Then she couldn't watch any more. Her eyes flooded with tears.

Leigh walked back to her own camp, stirred up the blaze, and added more fuel.

Her father was awake. "Leigh," he told her, smiling. "I'm feeling better now."

She stooped and kissed him.

"I think I'd like a cup of tea, something to eat. My fever's gone," he added, sitting up.

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IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT TO READERS

IN ACCORDANCE with the government's regulations that all publishers use much less paper this year, we are consolidating two of our monthly issues of **CALLING ALL GIRLS**. This is a combined June-July issue. Our next issue will be the August issue and will be out the middle of July. Our subscribers will receive the full number of copies to which they are entitled, each issue counting as ONE, although it may be dated for two months. We hope that you will enjoy each new issue just as much as always, even if you have to wait somewhat longer than usual to get it.

THE PUBLISHERS.

Leigh forgot the two men in the joy of that. He'd get well soon.

"Isn't it wonderful," she said. "Us Gilberts!"

His eyes twinkled. "Pretty good stuff. Tomorrow you can paddle me the last six miles and I'll tell you where to drive those stakes. They can't lick us now."

Leigh knew they could, but she didn't want to tell him. Those two men across the river were after her father's claim. They'd be first, get off early in the morning, travel fast. They'd race back, too, down the Limbo, to the government office to file their claim. They would, unless... Leigh sat up straight.

"Which side of the river are those deposits on?" she asked.

"This side. Why?"

"I just wondered."

"Six miles upstream," he said. "There's a long esker. Next to it, rough ground piled with rocks and boulders. Anyone could find it."

That was all Leigh wanted to know. After supper, when her father had gone to sleep, she sat by the fire, waiting.

Another hour and thickening dusk brought near-blackness. She dropped a coil of line into the canoe, and pushed off quietly. Shadows swelled out over the Limbo. Light haze over the river was joined by swamp fog rolling in from the creeks. On the opposite shore, black splashes showed in the trees.

In midstream, the treacherous current fought her paddle. Grudely she held course. A log, whirling downstream, narrowly missed the bow. Those new patches—they had to hold! Suddenly, an up-thrust rock loomed ahead. Leigh swerved, avoided it by a miracle, struggled on.

Across—at last! Now the most dangerous part. Had they heard or seen her? Was someone waiting behind that boulder? Did that thicket move? A few yards inshore, campfire coals blinked like evil red eyes.

With a coil of line in hand, Leigh crept forward. Both men were snoring—or was it just one? Did the other scraggy-bearded prospector lie awake,

hand on rifle? Leigh shivered, hesitated—then went on. At last she touched their beached canoe and began inching it down the sand. It seemed an eternity before one end rocked on the water. Cautiously, silently, she fastened one end of the coil of line to a crossbar.

One of the men stirred and coughed. Leigh crouched, nearly stopped breathing. What if he happened to look, missed the canoe? Then once more the snoring became a dust. Thank goodness! Leigh's feet barely whispered on the sand as she sped back to her own canoe, clutching the line's free end. Making it fast to the Peterborough, she pushed off. The line pulled taut. The prospectors' canoe swung out into the stream after her own. She'd done it—done it!

The next morning, Leigh's father shook her awake.

"Leigh," he said, "some men are shouting at us across the Limbo. They sound quite upset, but I can't make out why."

Leigh sat up, shook her curls, stretched deliciously. Such a beautiful morning. How she loved the wilderness!

"Oh, them," she said. "I suppose they've missed their canoe."

"Their canoe? What happened to it?"

"I had to borrow it," said Leigh. "You see, Dad, they're after your molybdenum deposits. So—I had to take steps."

"Leigh!"

Briefly, she told him everything. "Didn't I do right?"

He grunted. "Under the circumstances, you did exactly right! But—" he frowned—"we can't leave those men stranded without a canoe, even if they are crooks."

"I thought of that," said Leigh. "On the way back from staking the claim, we can pick them up and tow them downstream with us. That way they can't tamper with our stakes."

Her father put his hands on her shoulders. "Leigh," he said, "how did I ever manage on these trips without you?"

"Sourdough Gilbert, that's me," said Leigh modestly.

LET'S TALK THINGS OVER

(Continued from page 16)

LOES sounds like a regular girl. It is more than likely that the pals who greet her with "Hi, Muscles" are expressing affection for her and a spirit of comradeship. She probably realizes this in a way, but she is also somewhat concerned lest they may be overly conscious of the fact that she's a big girl.

Sometimes teasing can get under one's skin, it is true. This is so when one believes that the teaser is envious, trying to be hurtful or unkind, or even downright malicious. And no one likes to be bullied or to be made to feel self-conscious or queer. Teasers who are on the cruel side have problems of their own and often need help. Perhaps they want more attention, they wish to feel more important, or they want to get even for some real or imagined injustice. Fortunately, however, there are few teasers in this sad state, since teasing usually springs from a spirit of fun and good humor. It is often just playful kidding and may be accompanied by real affection and good will.

Teasing may sometimes result from what is known as "asking for it." Many a girl has discovered that just about the surest way to prolong teasing is to show plainly how it succeeds in annoying her. Often that is exactly what was intended! But the girl who can laugh it off and, best of all, knows how to answer in kind, is much better off. A little "Hi, yourself!" now and then, a quick, good-natured retort of the same kind, or an air of ignoring the remarks and proceeding about one's business normally, paying very little serious attention to nicknames or other forms of kidding or teasing—these usually work wonders. Where there is malice or the desire to express some grievance or hurt, that is another matter; and it calls for finding out what may be troubling teaser or teasee, as the case may be. But "Loes" letter does not sound at all as if she

is in any such dilemma. She has obviously proved to her friends that she has plenty on the ball herself, and that, in addition to answering to the name of "Muscles," she is a good pal and a fine friend.

I have made up my mind to go to work during this summer, but my mother has told me that it wouldn't be fair to her if I didn't give her all I earn. I think this isn't fair to me. Don't you think I am right? I am willing to give her half but not all of it.—Josephine F., aged 16, New York.

AS teen-agers know, family living carries with it both rights and responsibilities. Some families really need every cent earned by each member, and when that is the case, it is right and sensible that all income should be pooled. There are times, too, when families may be faced with special difficulties, such as a costly temporary illness, or financial reverses or temporary set-backs. Then a mother and a father might be relieved and grateful when their young folks find it possible to produce some income greatly needed for the common good. In homes where money is plentiful, so that young people's extra earnings are not actually needed, girls and boys often keep what they earn, for some special, personal use. But even if a girl has perfectly good reasons for wanting to keep all or some of her earnings, there may well be times when she would willingly give up her own preferences, should another person in her family need something much more, or should any emergency arise.

Perhaps the most important thing to say is that in matters of this kind, the spirit's the thing! It is not a case of parents "taking" the money a girl makes. The question is, are there reasons why she should wish to "contribute"? Moreover, there's a difference be-



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tween parents "demanding" and their hoping that they may count on a family spirit which will make for fair and wise choices.

Josephine and her mother can surely discuss what is the fair thing to do—whether half of her earnings seems a reasonable amount for her to contribute, considering all the family circumstances as well as her own social life and other needs. They might also talk over the question of whether there should be some reduction of Josephine's regular allowance while she is earning money. Perhaps this will not be thought necessary. In any event, Josephine certainly should continue to have opportunities for planning the use of some money of her own, no matter whether it comes to her from her own earnings or in the form of allowance. Nothing could give her a clearer understanding of just what it is that money can do.

I have a girl-friend who is fifteen years old, and every time I get a boy-friend she always does her best to get him. She has just about the nicest boy-friend a girl can have, but yet she never will leave mine alone. I would like to know what to do.—Elsie S., aged 14, Michigan.

PERHAPS Elsie's girl-friend has adopted the slogan "All's fair in love and war," but we really don't believe she has. Besides, both she and Elsie probably have the good sense to know that the time has not come for either of them—at fourteen and fifteen—for serious or permanent pairing off with very special boy-friends. In the early teen years there is room for a goodly number of fine friendships and lots of group get-togethers. And there should be other satisfying experiences as well at home, in school, and in one's social life generally. Elsie and her friend should be able to enjoy their own and each other's friends, both separately and together, on various occasions. If her friend

offers all that friendship implies, Elsie should be able to discuss the matter frankly with her, with no hard feelings on either side.

In writing to us about this matter, Elsie is making a plea for loyalty in friendship and for a willingness to find pleasure in a friend's successes. If a girl has a date and a particular boy-friend is special to her—for the time being, at least—her close friends should not willfully try to snare her admirer. Of course, this sort of thing happens often enough, but no one likes to see it happening among "true" friends, who should be able to have fun in one another. On the other hand, it sometimes happens that interests shift and attractions once formed do not necessarily last forever. One must be sensible about accepting inevitable changes.

The temptation to try to break up another girl's friendships with boys is understandable enough, especially in the case of girls who lack confidence in themselves because it so happens they have not been able to interest boys—as yet. Such girls may need help in learning how to put themselves across. It shouldn't be a case of leaving one another's particular friends alone but of finding it fun to be together, whether in twosomes, foursomes, or in larger groups. Out of these early experiences in friendships girls and boys should learn many things which will help them to choose their marriage partners more wisely when the time comes for such choices.

AIRING problems usually brings comfort and practical suggestions. Won't you write and tell Alice Lee Grayson what's on your mind? If you give your complete name and address (they won't be printed), and state your age, a personal reply will be sent you—unless, of course, your problem or one just like yours is answered in this department. Write to Mrs. Grayson, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 63 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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